

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 3. NO. 56

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1912. JULY 4

WHOLE NUMBER 108

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. High, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Gray, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Jenkins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each Month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Seal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT

1st District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

2nd District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

3rd District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

4th District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

5th District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

6th District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

7th District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

8th District—Franklin Wall, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS

I. C. Ferguson, Sheriff; J. P. Haney, Clerk; H. B. Brown, Auditor; W. M. Gardner, Treasurer.

Coroner—C. F. Lykins.

Surveyor—M. P. Turner.

Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett.

Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,

County Attorney,

GENERAL PRACTICE,

OFFICE IN COURT-HOUSE,

West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,

LAWYER,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Office in

Commercial Bank Building

YLAND C. MUSICK,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

JACKSON, KY.

State and Federal practice. Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

COTILE & HOVERMALE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Allan N. Cisco, S. Monroe Nickell.

NICKELL & CISCO,

LAWYERS,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

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GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

TERMS—One dollar a year in advance.

H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNARD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. MCCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. QLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reelected in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for JAILER of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce T. N. BARKER, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Repining never cured an ill.

Swat the fly "a comin and a gwinne."

A f--- lost can never be recovered in full.

A leper is not half as dangerous as a meddler.

The worst of all cowards is he who is afraid of self.

Smile, d---n you, smile, if you have to grit your teeth to do it.

When religion becomes dictatorial it becomes dangerous.

Detach your nose from that grindstone, go to work and be a man.

It is as great a mistake to underestimate one's abilities as it is to overestimate them, but precious few people make the former mistake.

Could we but climb where Hatcher stood, And view West Liberty o'er - - ? ? ! Crack, bang f-i-z!

He (the Busbody) counts the day lost Whose low descending sun,

Views from his lofty height no cruel action done.

We are opposed to the idea of sending money out of the country to mail-order houses, but unless the home merchants advertise their wares and let you know what they have for sale, let 'em go.

Requests are coming in thick and fast to know why we didn't continue our exposition of the management of the West Liberty High School, begun some time ago. You will hear more of this before long. Don't get restless. The matter is not dead but sleeping.

We are authorized to announce S. S. QLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Caleb Jurnior Joe Hatten

Will make the season of 1912 at SIX (\$6.00) to DOLLAS insure a living colt. The season will be made at John Carter's stable, West Liberty Ky., on Friday and Saturday of each week, the remainder of the time at my stable at Elam, Ky.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

W. T. ELAM,
ELAM, KY.

NOTICE.

Section 21 of the Ordinances and By-laws of the town of West Liberty make it unlawful for any person to throw or leave any thing liable to decompose, or throw hay, straw, manure, shavings, paper or other combustible matter, or filth or abominous slops on any street, alley or sidewalk of the town, and imposes a fine not to exceed \$10 for each offence.

Notice is hereby give that this law will be rigidly enforced, and the citizens of West Liberty are urged to help in its enforcement.

106-4t. D. C. LEWIS, T. M.

Public Notice.

Know All Men By These Presents: That the firm of Oakley & Lykins, which has formerly been doing a general merchandise business at West Liberty, has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and all concerned shall take notice of same and act accordingly.

Respectfully,
R. M. Oakley,
ft. One of firm.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

Foley Kidney Pills are healing and strengthening and tonic, and contain no harmful or habit forming drugs. N. J. Gorham, Cashier, Bank of Woodville, Woodville, Ga., recently had an acute attack of kidney trouble.

The pains in my back and kidneys were terrible, but I bought a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills and took them, and can truthfully say they have entirely relieved me. I find more benefit from them than any other kidney medicine I have ever taken. Try them. For sale by all dealers.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all druggists.

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a safe and valuable remedy. John Heath, Michigan, Bar, Cal., says: "I had kidney and bladder trouble for nearly 6 years, and was confined to my bed, unable to turn with out help. Soon after I commenced using Foley Kidney Pills and was relieved at once." His example is worth following. Foley Kidney Pills will do for others just as much as they have done for John Heath. Try them. For sale by all dealers.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all druggists.

An increasing number of people report regularly of the satisfactory results from taking Foley Kidney Pills and commend their healing and curative qualities.

Foley Kidney Pills are a carefully prepared medicine guaranteed to contain no harmful habit forming drugs. They can have only a beneficial effect when used for kidney and bladder troubles, for backache rheumatism, weak back or lumbago. Never sold in bulk. Put up in two sizes, in sealed bottles. The genuine always in a yellow package. For sale by all dealers.

Tact.
Tact is not a gift, but an acquisition, and yet there is something temperamental about it. It is like a singer. Some have voices easily trained, others voices difficult to subdue, some such as are hopelessly rebellious.

Hawkins Confession
Most interesting true history of an outlaw's life ever written. Full of sound advice to the young. Get a copy of this great book while they last.

For sale at COURIER office

If you are a housewife you can reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you shall become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all Druggists.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all druggists.

Summer colds are hard to get rid of, and frequently lead to asthma, bronchitis, and hay fever. Do not let your cold get a hold on you, but use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for quick relief.

W. H. Allen, Chelsea, Wis., says: "We prefer Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to other cough medicines because it quickly cures coughs and colds. It will ward off a cold if taken in time." Contains no opiates. Is safe for children. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. For sale by all dealers.

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all druggists.

The tallest tree in the world is the Australian eucalyptus, reaching a total altitude of 490 feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are 276 to 376 feet in height and 108 feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings it is believed that some of these trees are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to be on the island of Kos, off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old, but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry around it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference. — Ex.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

You Have Inherited a Large Fortune!

It is contained in a

Life Insurance Policy

The Insurance business is comparatively new to Eastern Kentucky. People, as a rule, have not had the time or opportunity of learning what constitutes good insurance.

We believe that you would like to know more about the business—It's honest, sane, business-like and instructive.

Write or call on us at once—To-day! Don't put it off until it is too late! Delays are dangerous!

S. J. YOUNG.

J. E. STIVERS.

YOUNG & STIVERS,
Real Estate & Insurance,
Jackson, Ky.

"You don't have to die to win."

HEADQUARTERS FOR Staple & Fancy Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best.

Soft Drinks

I have just installed a Soda Fountain and serve Ice Cream, Soda Water and Cold Drinks at all times.

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital,	\$25,000
Surplus, (Earned)	20,000
Average Deposits,	100,000

Authorised

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.

CUSTR JONES, Cashier.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the years named below, I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, July 8, 1912,

(that being the first day of a county court) offer for sale at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., the following real estate, to satisfy the taxes against the owners.

Year.	Owner.	Pol.	Tax.	Pen. Int. & Cost.	Total
1910	Elam, J S	\$	\$5.00	\$4.77	\$11.77
1911	"		5.00	4.76	11.76
	Carter, Sam F	1.50	3.00	1.36	5.86
	Bryant, Isabelle		2.50	1.20	3.70
	Buckart, L C		1.20	1.10	2.30
	Elam, J H	2.00	2.31	1.34	5.64
	Fugate, W P	2.00	1.20	1.25	4.45
	Davis, Thomas	2.00	4.03	1.48	7.51
	Day, R W	1.50	2.50	1.32	5.32
	Haney, M S		3.00	1.24	4.24
	Helton, Isom</				

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North," and other stories



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Lawrence, son of Major Lawrence, Virginian whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II.—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III.—The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV.—Trouble is started over "Walz, and Lawrence" urged by Mortimer, (and of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V.—Lawrence is detected as spy by Captain Grant, and the British army, who agree to a duel.

CHAPTER VI.—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a daring escape, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII.—The Major arrives at a shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the "Lady of the Blended Rose."

CHAPTER VIII.—Captain Grant and others arrive and search the blacksmith in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX.—Lawrence joins the men who capture Grant and his men.

CHAPTER X.—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI.—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets the killer.

CHAPTER XII.—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some will send for him."

CHAPTER XIII.—Grant's appearance mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.—Lawrence again meets the killer of the Blended Rose, who is in his house and he was in command of the party attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV.—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Grant begins a search of the threshold.

CHAPTER XVI.—Col. Mortimer, father of the Blended Rose, finds him in ruins.

CHAPTER XVII.—Capt. Grant insists he be strung up at once.

CHAPTER XVIII.

the Cellar Room.

"I was not in the house when they came, father; Peter and I were back of the stables, fortunately mounted. We were obliged to ride hard, as we were chased several miles, and returned as soon as it appeared safe."

"And Eric?"

"He departed before Captain Grant arrived," she replied unhesitatingly, "and must be already safe within his own lines."

"It was Eric, then?"

"Who else could it be? Surely Captain Grant told you as much."

The colonel's eyes wandered about the little group, and his doubt and bewilderment were clearly evident.

"Do you know Eric's purpose in coming here? in presuming to act as an officer in Delavan's company?"

"He did not inform me, sir."

"You know this man?"

She turned, and looked at me for the first time, a silent plea in her blue eyes.

"I do—he is Major Lawrence of General Washington's army," her voice low, but distinct. "I have known him since the Continental troops were first quartered in Philadelphia."

I started slightly, yet as instantly recovered my outward composure, realizing that this strange girl again purposed protecting me from exposure, even at the expense of a falsehood.

"Indeed; you were doubtless aware then that he was within Sir Henry Clinton's lines as a spy?"

"From it," she laughed easily, not glancing toward me, but permitting her eyes to rest upon the bearded face of Captain Grant. "Why, that idea is perfectly absurd. Did you tell my father so ridiculous a story, captain?"

"Did I? What else could I say?" he growled indignantly. "He was within our lines in British uniform."

Her long lashes veiled the blue depths modestly.

"Yet there might be other reasons for such masquerade, gentlemen," she confessed. "Would it be impossible, that he should have taken so great a risk to again meet with me?"

There was a silence following the simple question, broken by Seldon's laugh, as he slapped his knee in appreciation.

"Good enough, by Gad!" he exclaimed heartily. "The lass has cleared the mystery with a word. The fellow would be a poor soldier indeed to fail in such a test—eh, Grant?"

The Ranger scowled at him in suspicion, his face dark with suspicion.

"Hell's acre! This thing may touch your humor, but not mine. What is the meaning of your words, Mistress Claire? Are you shameless, forgetting the pledge between us?"

She turned her face toward him as a queen might, her head held high, her cheeks flaming.

"You have said your answer once for all, Captain Grant. There is no pledge between us."

"But, daughter," broke in the colonel, still bewildered by this sudden explosion. "I can scarcely comprehend; surely it was understood that you were

to meet me in the cellar room.

CHAPTER XX.

The Lady's Plan.

I must have remained there an hour undisturbed, listening to faint sounds in the rooms above, and peering out between the iron bars at a little square of blue sky, and some waving branches. Once, with ear pressed against the door, I could distinguish the regular steps of a sentinel pacing back and forth, and out of the window I caught the silhouette of a cocked hat and brown gun barrel. Seldon was evidently guarding me with the utmost care.

By the light I judged the time somewhat beyond noon, when the door opened suddenly, and Peter appeared bearing a trap. He was as mysteriously silent and professional as upon his first visit, not even favoring me with a glance, his mind apparently intent upon his duties, moving about noiselessly, wiping the table, and placing his load of dishes thereon with great care that all should be arranged in perfect order. The door remained ajar during these preparations, a Queen's Ranger standing there motionless, leaning on his gun, and eyeing us steadily. At last Peter drew up a chair, dusted it, and with wave of the hand invited me to be seated. I ate as slowly as possible, while he stood over me, anticipating my every want. He might have been a wax figure, so mechanically did he operate, and the sentinel never for an instant relaxed his scrutiny.

"But, Claire, how came you here? Why did you leave Philadelphia?"

"Because I have a brother, sir, whom I can only meet in secret," she replied quietly. "I came without thought of danger, for war has not cost us friends in this country; our home has remained until now untouched by bands, and I felt amply protected by those who accompanied me upon the ride—our old house servants." She sat at the side of his chair, her bowed upon his arm, and his hair. "I regret if I seemed unadvised, or done you any harm, father. I am a fool!"

"How came she to be here at all?"

"Would she confess the truth before us all, or would she feel need in concealment? I could not, I doubt the honesty of the girl's, and yet was it possible for me to accept her veracity?"

"How came she to be here at all?"

"I only explained much," thinking she might

at have already been

quickly, but with

appreciation

name has

seen a long while, his fingers

twisting the tresses of the girl's hair.

"This situation leaves me in an embarrassing predicament," he admitted at last slowly. "I hardly know what is my duty either as a father, or an officer of the king. No matter what his purpose may have been this man penetrated our lines in disguise; he admittedly exercised command of those irregulars who attacked and routed Delavan's column, and has since been prowling about disguised as a countryman. Merely because my daughter confesses to a friendship between them can hardly justify me in setting him at liberty."

He paused, rising to his feet, his eyes on my face. The girl lifted her head, looking up at him.

"Major Lawrence, I shall hold you prisoner of war, referring your case to Sir Henry Clinton. In the meanwhile you shall receive every consideration possible in accordance with your rank. I am going to bring John my men in pursuit of Fagin. Captain Grant, you will accompany me, and Mr. Seldon, I shall leave you in charge of the prisoner until we return."

He took a step toward the door; then turned to his daughter.

"I shall expect you to be ready to ride with us on our return to Philadelphia, Claire," he said kindly. "It is evidently not safe for you to remain here alone."

"Very well, father."

"Come, Grant, we shall have to ride hard to overtake our men."

The captain started reluctantly, cowering at me as he passed.

"I should enjoy having the privilege of being left in charge here," he said, for my benefit.

"No doubt, sir," returned Mortimer coldly. "But I have already selected Mr. Seldon for that duty."

They left the house together, and I watched them ride past the window, followed by a dozen soldiers. As they disappeared Seldon turned his eyes to my face. He was rather a pleasant looking young man, but possessed an aggressive chin.

"While I have no orders to that effect, major," he said quietly, "I would take the responsibility of accepting your parole."

"Are you not rather reckless?"

"Oh, I think not," smilingly. "I would have you give it to, Mistress Claire—surely under those other conditions you would never run away."

She stole a swift glance at me, shaking her head.

"That would be too strong an impression," I responded instantly. "Under all conditions I prefer not to give my parole."

"Very well, sir," more stiffly, his geniality vanishing with my rather curt refusal. "Then I shall take all necessary precautions to prevent escape."

She turned her face toward him as a queen might, her head held high, her cheeks flaming.

"You have said your answer once for all, Captain Grant. There is no pledge between us."

"But, daughter," broke in the colonel, still bewildered by this sudden explosion.

"I can scarcely comprehend; surely it was understood that you were

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CHAPTER XXI.

The Lady's Plan.

That swift glimpse beneath the iron bars caused me to leave the room with swiftly beating heart. At the door I stole another glance backward, but she had sunk into a chair, her face concealed in her hands. With Seldon ahead, and the two guards behind, I tramped down the stairs into the basement, and was again locked within the walls of the strong room.

As the lock clicked I sat down upon the bunk far from being disheartened.

Father had been playing strange pranks, but I was not left without hope, for I felt assured I had read correctly the swift message of those uplifted blue eyes. She had not wished me to accept parole; then there must be some plan of escape already formulated in her mind. I could only wait quietly, striving to solve the meaning of those suddenly uplifted blue eyes, and the promise they contained.

CHAPTER XX.

The Lady's Plan.

I must have remained there an hour undisturbed, listening to faint sounds in the rooms above, and peering out between the iron bars at a little square of blue sky, and some waving branches. Once, with ear pressed against the door, I could distinguish the regular steps of a sentinel pacing back and forth, and out of the window I caught the silhouette of a cocked hat and brown gun barrel. Seldon was evidently guarding me with the utmost care.

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"But, Claire, how came you here? Why did you leave Philadelphia?"

"Because I have a brother, sir, whom I can only meet in secret," she replied quietly. "I came without thought of danger, for war has not cost us friends in this country; our home has remained until now untouched by bands, and I felt amply protected by those who accompanied me upon the ride—our old house servants." She sat at the side of his chair, her bowed upon his arm, and his hair. "I regret if I seemed unadvised, or done you any harm, father. I am a fool!"

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"Because I have a brother, sir, whom I can only meet in secret," she replied quietly. "I came without thought of danger, for war has not cost us friends in this country; our home has remained until now untouched by bands, and I felt amply protected by those who accompanied me upon the ride—our old house servants." She sat at the side of his chair, her bowed upon his arm, and his hair. "I regret if I seemed unadvised, or done you any harm, father. I am a fool!"

"How came she to be here at all?"

"Would she confess the truth before us all, or would she feel need in concealment? I could not, I doubt the honesty of the girl's, and yet was it possible for me to accept her veracity?"

"How came she to be here at all?"

"I only explained much," thinking she might

at have already been

quickly, but with

appreciation

name has

seen a long while, his fingers

twisting the tresses of the girl's hair.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Lady's Plan.

I must have remained there an hour undisturbed, listening to faint sounds in the rooms above, and peering out between the iron bars at a little square of blue sky, and some waving branches. Once, with ear pressed against the door, I could distinguish the regular steps of a sentinel pacing back and forth, and out of the window I caught the silhouette of a cocked hat and brown gun barrel. Seldon was evidently guarding me with the utmost care.

As the light I judged the time somewhat beyond noon, when the door opened suddenly, and Peter appeared bearing a trap. He was as mysteriously silent

My Lady of Doubt.

(Continued from 3d page)

"And Eric is the son of a loyalist," laughingly, "and wears a Continental uniform. I am not privileged to go so far, restrained by the limitations of sex, yet I may be equally a rebel."

"What would seem to mean that all your kindness toward me would have been similarly given to any patriot soldier?"

"Why—yes; I—I think so."

"And I do not, Mistress Claire; I refuse to so believe." Her eyes flashed up at me, and I lost all restraint in their swift challenge. "I am going to speak—just a word, yet I must give it utterance before I ride out into the dark, away from you. I love you. It makes no difference to me where your sympathies may be in this struggle, you have won my heart. Look me down, and listen. I am going back to camp, back to the campaign. I know not what the night, what the morrow may bring. But I know forever I love you, and that if I live I shall surely come back. Will you be glad? Will you promise me welcome?"

I could feel her tremble, yet there was no shrinking in her face, no alarm.

"Oh, why were you compelled to say that? I tried so hard not to let you. I—I cannot make the promise, it would not be right."

"Not right!"

"No, you do not know me. I told you before I was a sham, a fraud, not what I appeared to be. I will not explain even to you, and you must not ask me. Only it hurts me to hear you say what you have, and be compelled to return this answer."

"You care then—you do not dis- grieve that?"

She threw her head back proudly, making no attempt to withdraw her hands.

"Yes, I care; any woman would. It is not true that I have served you merely because you were a soldier of the Colonies. I think it was true, perhaps, at first—but later it was different. Oh! why do I say this? Why do I delay your departure by consenting to remain here in conversation? Major Lawrence, cannot you realize that my only desire is to have you get away safely?"

"But that is not my only desire," I protested. "It must be weeks, months, before I can hope to see you again. I am a servant of the Colonies, and must go where I am sent; we are upon the verge of a campaign involving exposure and battle. I may not even come forth alive. Must I go without a word, without a hope? Claire, Claire, sweetheart, you have no right to turn me away, because of some phantom of imagination—"

"But it is not, it is terribly real."

"I care not; I would still love you in spite of all; you may be a spy—a British spy—but the fact would mean nothing to me. I would trust you, Claire, your womanhood; I should know that whatever you did was in accordance with your conscience, and be content—if you but love me. And, thank God! I know you do."

"I—I—no! You cannot mean that!"

"Ay, but I do. Have you supposed I could not read the message of those eyes? Oh, it may be dark, dear, but there is a star-gleam, and when the lashes lift—they confess a thousand times more than your lips acknowledge. Yet I insist on the lips! Now tell me," and I held her to me, "tell me!"

"What—ch, major, please!"

"There are but three words to speak; whisper them, dear, and I go."

"Three words?"

"Such easy words; they are trembling on your lips now—I love you."

"But—if I do not; if they are false. Hush! There is some one on the veranda—Seldon must have returned."

"All the more reason why you should speak quickly," I whispered, without releasing her.

"Will you go then? At once?"

"I pledge my word."

She drew a deep breath, her eyes shadowed, but I could hear the swift pulsing of her heart.

"It—will mean nothing—nothing."

"Of course; only a memory to dream over."

Her lashes lifted, her head tilted back upon my shoulder. For a bare instant I gazed down into the depths.

"Then—I will—I love you!"

With the words I kissed her, pressing my lips to hers; an instant, she clung, and I felt the pressure of her arm, the hot blood racing through my veins.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "sweet heart."

"No, no!" and she thrust me from her. "You forget. I am not that. You must not think it even. See, that man is coming down the steps. He will discover Captain Grant, and it will be too late—Oh, go, major, please!"

I turned without another word, fully realizing the danger, the necessity of action. Her hand touched mine as I grasped the rein.

"We part friends," she said softly. "Some day you may understand and forgive me."

"I understand now more than you think," I returned swiftly, "and I am coming back to learn all."

CHAPTER XXII.

I Uncover Captain Grant.

The thicket was sufficiently dense to conceal us from the man, who remained standing at the foot of the steps. He was but a mere dark shadow, and I could not distinguish that he was a soldier, yet the danger of his presence was sufficiently great, for should he advance to the right he would come upon Grant's unconscious form, and in that silence the slightest noise might arouse suspicion. Mistress Claire still clung to my hand, but only to whisper a sentence of instruction.

"Go straight north, major, until you reach the hedge; follow the shadow of that beyond the orchard, and then take the road running westward. Don't mount until you reach there—goodby."

"Goodby, you will not forget me?"

"I—I am afraid not, but—you must go!"

I left her standing there, a faint gleam of white against the dark shrubbery, motionless.

There is no incident of that night's ride which I recall distinctly. I merely pushed on steadily through the darkness, leaving my mount to choose

his own course, confident we were headed toward the river. I was sufficiently acquainted with the valley of the Delaware, when daylight came, to decide upon the nearest ford. As to the British patrols, I must run the risk of dodging these, but felt safe from such an encounter for several hours. In truth I met no one, having no occasion to even draw rein, although we passed through two small villages, and by a number of farms. I could not even determine that these houses were occupied; they were dark and silent, even the galloping hoofs of my horse failing to awaken response.

It was already daylight when I drew up on the bluff summit to gaze down into the river valley. In the middle distance small villages faced each other across the stream, and toward these most of the roads converged—proof of the existence of a ford. I could not be mistaken as to the town—Burlington on the Jersey shore, and opposite Bristol. I should be safe enough in the latter, even if we had no outpost stationed there. I knew homes along those shaded streets, where food would be forthcoming, and where I could probably procure a fresh horse. It was the nearer town, nestled on the Jersey bank, that I studied with the greatest care, but, so far as I could see, the single street was deserted. To the south, certainly two miles away, a squadron of horse were riding slowly, surrounded by a cloud of dust. Without doubt this was the British patrol that had left the village at daybreak.

It was a hot, close morning, and the padded Ranger's coat heavy and tight-fitting. I took it off, flinging it across the saddle pommel. As I did so a folded paper came into view, and I drew it forth, curiously. My eye caught the signature at the bottom of a brief note, and I stared at it in surprise. Fagin! How Fagin is to be writing to Captain Grant? He pretended to be a Tory to be sure, yet both armies knew him as a murderous outlaw, plundering loyalists and patriots alike. There came to me a memory of Farrell's chance remark that Grant had some connection with this fellow's marauding. I had not seriously considered it then, but now—why, possibly it was true. I read the lines almost at a glance, scarcely comprehending at first, and then suddenly realized the base villainy concealed:

"Have the money and papers, but the girl got away. Will wait for you at Lone Tree tonight. Don't fail, for the whole country will be after me as soon as the news gets out about Elmhurst."

"FAGIN."

So that was the reason for this raid—Grant's personal affair. He had returned to Elmhurst, leaving his men to trudge on into Philadelphia under their Hessian officers so that he might communicate with Fagin. What a pity it was I had failed to kill the fellow, instead of leaving him unconscious.

The papers! Perhaps they were in the coat also. Surely Grant had no time to change it, to destroy them, as he must have done directly to Elmhurst. I searched the pocket of the garment hastily, finding a note or two, his orders to escort Delavan, and a small packet tied securely by a cord. I felt no hesitancy in opening this, and ascertaining its contents. The lines I read hastily seemed to blur before my eyes; I could barely comprehend their purport. Little by little I grasped the meaning of it all, and then my mind leaped to recognition of Grant's purpose. They were notes of instruction,

"I care not; I would still love you in spite of all; you may be a spy—a British spy—but the fact would mean nothing to me. I would trust you, Claire, your womanhood; I should know that whatever you did was in accordance with your conscience, and be content—if you but love me. And, thank God! I know you do."

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Hon. Theo. B. Blakey, Republican candidate for Appellate Judge in this the 7th Appellate District of Kentucky, will address the voters of Morgan County in the interest of his candidacy on Monday, July 8, County Court day, at West Liberty. Every body is invited. 106, St.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Wanted,

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.

brief orders, suggestions, memoranda, such as might be issued to a secret agent greatly trusted. These were addressed simply "Mortimer," many unsigned, others marked by initials. I instantly recognized the handwriting of Washington, Hamilton and Lee. Without question this packet was the Mortimer plot, well conceived, and Grant was fully capable of carrying it out to the end. I could realize what the possession of these papers meant to him—military advancement, a distribution of the Mortimer estate in which he would doubtless share, and a fresh field on Claire whereby he could carry the girl into accepting them.

The answer came in a flash of suspicion—the colonel. He could be threatened with them, blackmailed, disgraced before Sir Henry Clinton, driven from his command. They were addressed merely to "Mortimer," discovered at Elmhurst, and were sufficient to convict of treason. It was a

bold order, well conceived, and Grant was fully capable of carrying it out to the end. I could realize what the possession of these papers meant to him—military advancement, a distribution of the Mortimer estate in which he would doubtless share, and a fresh field on Claire whereby he could carry the girl into accepting them.

According to the tabulation figures in the tax books for 1912 real estate in New York is assessed at \$7,225,474,063. Estimating the reality which is exempt from taxation at \$2,500,000,000, the value of all real estate in the five boroughs approximates \$10,000,000,000 (ten billions). The assessed valuation of taxable property in New York has been raised in the last 14 years, or since consolidation, from \$2,463,135,637.

I stood there in uncertainty, turning these papers over and over in my hands, striving to determine my duty. Should I return to Elmhurst? To do so would only bring me into renewed peril, and would apparently benefit no one. Without this packet Grant was helpless to injure Colonel Mortimer. As to Claire, Seldon would protect her for the present, and as soon as the father returned, he would doubtless compel her to accompany him back to Philadelphia. The best service I could render was to destroy these notes, and then seek out Eric Mortimer, in Lee's camp, and tell him the whole story. All that anyone could do now was to warn the Mortimers against Grant, to let them know his treachery, and this

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